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In Memoriam

Rev. Daniel Little Furber, D.D.

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Furber

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The Gift
of

Jan. 2.

From Portrait painted by
Albert G. Hoit, 1848.

From [illegible]
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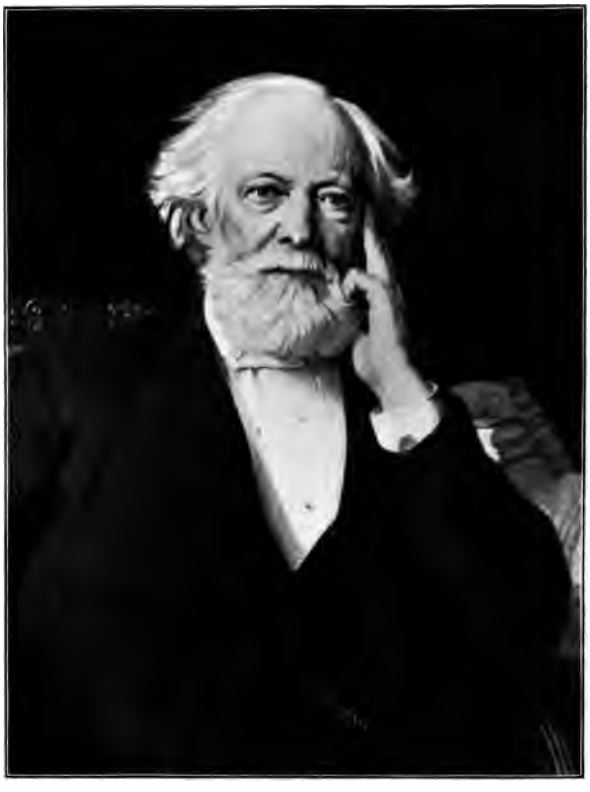

From Portrait painted by
J. Harwey Young, 1898.

THE ADDRESSES

DELIVERED AT THE FUNERAL SERVICE OF THE

REV. DANIEL LITTLE FURBER, D.D.

PASTOR EMERITUS OF THE FIRST CHURCH IN NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS

NOVEMBER 22, 1899

BY THE

REV. HENRY J. PATRICK, D.D., REV. ALVAH HOVEY, D.D.,
AND REV. EDWARD McARTHUR NOYES

TOGETHER WITH A LETTER FROM THE

REV. THEODORE J. HOLMES

AND THE

MEMORIAL SERMON

PREACHED IN THE FIRST CHURCH IN NEWTON, SUNDAY,
NOVEMBER 26, 1899

BY

REV. EDWARD McARTHUR NOYES
PASTOR OF THE CHURCH

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PREFATORY NOTE.

DANIEL LITTLE FURBER was born in Sandwich, N.H., Oct. 14, 1820; fitted for college at Portland and Fryeburg, Me.; was graduated from Dartmouth College in 1843; studied theology for four years at Andover Seminary; and was ordained to the Christian ministry and installed as pastor of the First Church in Newton, Mass., Dec. 1, 1847. In 1850 he married Mrs. Maria B. Peabody, of Hanover, N.H. Soon after her death, in 1882, he resigned the active pastorate, after thirty-five years of service, but retained his connection with the church, as pastor emeritus, until his death, Nov. 19, 1899. In 1897 the fiftieth anniversary of his installation as pastor was appropriately observed by the church; and a "Jubilee Anniversary" volume was printed as a memorial of the occasion. At the funeral services, after prayer at the house and reading of appropriate selections from the "Book of Family Worship," which Dr. Furber had used for many years, a very large audience assembled at the church. The pastor presided; and the parts were taken by friends of many years' standing, selected by Dr. Furber himself. Rev. Theodore J. Holmes being unavoidably absent, a letter from him was read by the pastor. The Scriptures were read by Rev. Calvin Cutler, of Auburndale; and the prayer was offered by Rev. J. W. Wellman,

D.D., of Malden. The quartette of the church sang "Rock of Ages"; and the hymns sung were "I love thy kingdom, Lord," and "There is a land of pure delight," which were among his favorite hymns. During his illness a little company of singers went every Sunday to sing the hymns he loved. They sang as usual the very day he passed away. After they had finished their programme, he sent down a request for one hymn more. By a beautiful coincidence they selected this hymn,—"There is a land of pure delight." The benediction was pronounced by Rev. Alvah Hovey, D.D. The Sunday following, the pastor of the church preached at the morning service a memorial discourse, which is printed herewith.

Universal respect was shown to the memory of Dr. Furber, at the time of his death, in many ways. The places of business in the village were closed during the funeral, and, as the procession moved up the street, the chimes of the Baptist church played sacred hymns. Among the pall-bearers, selected with a view to represent both the church and community, were old and tried friends and neighbors; and a long concourse followed him to the grave, of those who had known and loved him during his ministry of many years to them and their households and kindred. His body was laid beside that of his wife, in the spot in the Newton Cemetery made beautiful since her death by his own loving care.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

BY REV. EDWARD McARTHUR NOYES, PASTOR OF THE FIRST CHURCH IN NEWTON.

It is not my purpose to speak at any length this afternoon. It is fitting that this hour should be given to those friends of Dr. Furber who have known him longest and best; and those who speak this afternoon have been asked to do so at Dr. Furber's own request. But I cannot refrain from a word or two in expression of my own sense of personal loss in this which is our common bereavement.

It is a very hard thing for a man of vigorous personality, of strong convictions and intense earnestness, to step down from the leadership of such a church as this, and, while still abiding under its shadow, to see another take his place. It is a very difficult thing for such a man to retire gracefully into the background; to see, without any bitterness of feeling, another's growing influence; to watch, without criticism, the introduction of new methods; to maintain his ready sympathy

and hearty co-operation with the work of the church without any sense of neglect in his own retirement and in the prominence necessarily given to another leader. But Dr. Furber was an adept in that difficult art of gracefully becoming a pastor emeritus. His relations with my predecessor in office were always most harmonious; and, as for me, he has been to me indeed a father in the gospel, as I have tried to be to him a son. I shall miss the presence of that good gray head in my audience. I shall miss his appreciative word at the close of the service. I shall miss those hours of counsel with him over parish problems; and, above all, I shall miss those precious hours when we have knelt together in the quiet of his study, and have taken this people on our hearts to God. For he never lost his interest in the persons whom he had known and for whom he had labored. And each new household was greeted by him with joy. Each new household became to him an object of solicitous prayer.

Although not actively engaged in parish work, yet he did a great deal of parish visiting,— everywhere a son of consolation, everywhere one who aided and augmented the influence of the active workers in the church, always disinterested in heart,

always magnanimous in spirit, and thus contributing as much to the success and fruitfulness of this church, perhaps, in the years of his retirement as he did in the days of his greater activity. And more than one of us who knew him best and were brought into most intimate relations with him will feel like echoing the words of the younger prophet, "My Father, my Father, the chariot of Israel and the horseman thereof!"

LETTER

OF REV. THEODORE J. HOLMES, FOR TEN YEARS ASSOCIATE PASTOR WITH DR. FURBER AFTER DR. FURBER'S RETIREMENT.

BALTIMORE, MD., NOV. 20, 1899.

REV. E. M. NOYES:

My dear Brother,— Your telegram is just received, announcing the death of Dr. Furber. I am exceedingly sorry that it is not practicable for me to attend the funeral; but I shall be with you all in spirit, joining sincerely in your sorrow for his loss and your congratulation that he is at rest in the Father's house.

If I were able to be there, it would be a great privilege to speak of the delightful relation which I enjoyed with him years ago as his successor, and to express my grateful acknowledgment for his unceasing kindness to me. He was always a faithful friend. I never heard of a word that he said or a thing that he did calculated to harm my usefulness. His influence was entirely the other way, never a hindrance, but ever a help. He was at all times ready for any service asked of him, and in all indirect ways he was a true yoke-fellow.

With his cordial blessing at the start, he bequeathed to me the record of his long pastorate, which was in every particular a benediction.

There was his record as a preacher. There had been no tricks about his pulpit work which it might be difficult for a new man to copy. He had trained the congregation to hear

attentively the plain word of God. Every message from his lips, as clear as his melodious voice, had the single aim to build in Newton Centre the kingdom of Christ.

Then there was his record as a pastor. It was interesting, indeed, to see the affectionate, confidential relation between him and his beloved flock, illustrating an advantage in such a long ministry which is not possible in the briefer pastorates of to-day.

He had the warmest interest in the young. He referred in his two hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary discourse to the sentiment in the community, one hundred and fifty years before, which welcomed children to the church; but that sentiment he himself had helped to perpetuate, and to him is due largely the fact that up to the present time, as a rule, the boys and girls, the best of them, gravitate so instinctively toward the church. He had such a hold upon all, young and old, that it must have seemed almost an impertinence, if not a sacrilege, for any one to try to follow him. Their devotion, however, had its advantage for the new minister. He committed to my care a people whose confidence and love he had held for a generation, and who therefore knew how in due time to transfer their loyalty, as they generously did, to his successor.

There was his record, too, as a man: the gentleness of his nature with its strength; his courtesy, his warm sympathies, his philanthropic spirit, the sincerity that made him so transparent; and, not the least, his high standard of personal integrity. It was a great thing for a man bearing such intimate relations to the community for more than a quarter of a century to have lived such a pure, honest, honorable life that there was never the

smallest whisper against his good name. Dr. Storrs has said of Saint Bernard, the Abbot of Clairvaux, "He spoke from a throne which his own life had builded." Without exaggeration that could be said of Dr. Furber, and that was a grand legacy for his successor.

So, on every ground, I have always felt indebted to him in a large degree for whatever there may have been of usefulness in my own pastorate.

It used to be a joy to see how his ministry went on, without interruption, even after he had been relieved of the care of the church. Through all his later years he yearned so for the conversion of those in the congregation whom he had failed, personally, to reach, as though he could not bear to die without seeing them in the church; but, though he cannot plead with them any more, his desire for them may yet be fulfilled.

When Dr. Bliss, who was for a time during his last furlough a member of our congregation, became homesick in America and went back to the land of his love, he was too feeble to work longer; but his work did not stop. One day a native, calling at his house, begged the privilege of kissing his hand; for, he said, "I remember the time when you brought me to Christ." That man was perhaps only one of a multitude who could bear the same testimony. For every true pastor, for every pastor emeritus, the promise holds, "When the Chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

And in Dr Furber's crown there will be many stars.

With deep regret that I cannot be with you on Wednesday, I am, Yours sincerely,

THEODORE J. HOLMES.

ADDRESS.

BY REV. HENRY J. PATRICK, D.D., PASTOR EMERITUS OF THE SECOND CHURCH IN NEWTON.

THE silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken. The dust returns to-day to the earth as it was: the spirit has returned to God who gave it. Still we cling to the earthly form. We sorrow to-day that we shall see his face no more. The responsive sparkle of the eye, the sweet and cheery tone of voice, the kindly return grasp of the hand,—these will be memories. All that is mortal of our dear brother will disappear from our vision when this casket is closed to-day. Yet, in the eye of the mind, we shall see him; in the ear of the mind, we shall hear him. No such man can dwell so long in a community and depart in a day. There will be reminders of him. It is a pleasant thing, my friends, that this new street that runs so directly from the house where he dwelt so long to this church where he preached so many years bears his name. And have you noted the coincidence, which is so pleasant, that the two other streets that

form a triangle with it are named Homer and Grafton? And so the cluster reminds us of that trio of men whose ministries were among the longest and the most influential in this community.

Yes, you will look upon his face upon the canvas which will be left with you. You will come here and there against things which will tell you of the man who has been here and who has gone, but whose influence still abides.

I need not tell you that there is a burden on my heart to-day. I am here at his request, but there is a consciousness of personal loss which weighs me down. I shall so miss him! For nearly forty years we have been companions, side by side for most of that time as active ministers in neighboring parishes. But these last few years, since the word "emeritus" has come at the end of each of our names as pastors, there has been a peculiar intimacy more constant and more precious than ever. I can hardly trust myself to speak, for I feel as though I must see the man again and talk with him. I never was with him in an interview but that, when we parted, I felt that I was a better man for having seen him and having known him.

He was a rare man, a choice man, a man of sym-

metry, a man of refinement, one who seemed to give his benediction to all with whom he associated, "a living epistle known and read of all men" who knew him and loved him. His life was an open page. You could read the truth on it. There was one word which our Saviour uttered when he met a man and exclaimed, "Behold an Israelite in whom is no guile!"—a word which it is no presumption to apply to him, who, we may indeed feel, is a descendant of Nathanael of old, guileless, having naught against any man, while the man that had aught against him could not be found. In these two days past there have been testimonies coming to my ears from those who have known him so long; and the concurrent testimony is this: "I never heard any one speak aught against Dr. Furber." And here is another wonder, my friends, how this could be when this man was so faithful, when he was so true and loyal to his convictions and had the courage to utter them, however uncomfortable that truth might be to those to whom he would speak it; faithful in his rebukes. How is it that this could be so? There is another Scripture word which he fulfilled,—"speaking the truth in love." That is the secret of it. Shining through

all these rebukes, shining through all these faithful presentations of even severe truths, was his heart. Men will never rise up in antagonism against one who reveals his heart, however severe his reprimand. So he stood in his pulpit, bringing to you the severest truths in this book; for he felt that he must preach the truth. And that word which was included in his jubilee text, that advice of Paul's or that farewell of Paul's to the believers at Miletus, was true, he could say it of himself,— "I have not shunned to declare to you the whole counsel of God."

And, then, there is still another Scripture word which he illustrated: "To do good and communicate, forget not." He did not forget it. It was the nature of this man to do good. If he were going out for a ride, there must be a companion by his side. It might be an invalid, or a brother minister who could not keep a horse, or some one who wished to do an errand. The riches of his garden must be distributed among those who have no garden. The paper that has been read in the home must be passed on to the man who does not take the paper. And this has been his life,— a life of ministry from beginning to end.

This morning I heard a tribute to one who helped to shape this character. He had a brother whom he called a brother and a half. Some of you remember him. He was once the superintendent of this Sabbath school. That man, in the far-off town where he was born, cared for him, aided him in his education, and influenced him in his young manhood. It was a tribute to that brother that this man was so busy in doing good to others.

In a few days you will come to the reminder of his anniversary. Two years ago you celebrated that anniversary. It was a jubilee to him. It was a joyous occasion. Some of us remember listening to that morning sermon. If you want to understand the character of this man, read it over. It was a revelation to some of us. There was a picturing, a vivid description, of that struggle through which he passed in the choice of his life-work. Do you remember it? Shall it be music or the ministry? He loved music. He enjoyed it. He devoted much of his early life to it. But here is the ministry. That sainted mother had prayed that he might be a minister; and the question was not decided by what he enjoyed, but by that by which

he could accomplish the most good in the world. Here was the revelation of that motive which was behind this man in all his life. He loved Christ. I never knew a man who loved his Saviour more. He did not think, in going to that next world, so much about meeting old friends nor about the other things which are represented there; but he always thought of seeing his Master. He spoke of it over and over again,—"to see Christ." This was the motive which led him to the choice of the ministry, and this he never regretted. He gave himself to it fully and wholly.

And, then, do you remember how very modest he was in that sermon, how little he claimed for himself? This is another characteristic of the man. Why was he here so long? "Why have I been the minister of this church so long? Because of the church, it is a good church; because of that beloved wife that one in ten thousand men cannot possess; and then the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ helped me." This was the reason of it all. He was in the background himself in all that representation. And, then, do you remember, toward the close, the presentation of those vital doctrines which were so dear to him? Oh, how

strong he was in these great truths, how he stood there on the rock, how it grieved his soul to see any of his ministerial brethren weaken as to these vital doctrines! It was a great satisfaction that this brother expressed himself so clearly in his confession of faith, and that he could come to this pew and sit here with such comfort and hear the gospel. The gospel was what he loved.

There is one little reminiscence of my companionship with him that I want you, his people, to know. You are aware that he felt that the strain of the jubilee made an inroad upon his health. This issue came, perhaps, sooner because he went through that effort. I was riding with him one day, and we were talking of the jubilee. He said to me it was the crowning point of his life. And he added, "I did not know that my people loved me so much." I then asked him, if the celebration should result in shortening his life, whether it would be his choice to have it or omit it. And he chose to have this revelation of the love of his people. So you need not take any reproaches to yourselves because you led him into the celebration which you carried through so beautifully and so satisfactorily to him.

And now a word or two of his last days. The test of his faith came. Suffering, lingering, waiting the conscious approach of the messenger, these last weeks and months have been trying ones for him. But he stood the test: not a word of complaint, not a murmur in all these weeks, always admitting that he was suffering. And whither did he flee for his refuge? To God's Word, those songs that he loved, prayer. He was thus sustained, and he revealed his faith all the way through by turning to them. I asked him one day, when I was talking with him about the suffering of good men, "Why is it that good men suffer?" After a silence of a moment or two, he said: "Well, I suppose it is to make us conformable to the will of Christ. We need this discipline,— need it, perhaps, as a preparation for the next world." Disease wrought upon him so that, as you know, his mind sympathized with his body; and he would wander now and then. And here was one very marked feature. The nurse said to me one day, "However he wanders on other things, the moment you touch upon religion or the salvation of his soul he is all rational." And I used to note that, when I would repeat to him passages of

Scripture, he would add to them at once; and, when I would lead him in prayer, he evidently enjoyed it. Last Thursday I was there, and prayed with him; and, although it was not one of his clear days, when I arose and left him, he took me by the hand, and said, "Thank you, Brother Patrick!" There were some other things, my friends, that you would love to hear if time did not forbid. But I must tell you of the desires he had touching you,—the yearning of his heart for this good people with whom he had been so long. The nurse said it was most touching and pathetic to hear him praying at midnight for the conversion of some of his people, calling them by name.

The end came. It was just the day he would have chosen,—the best day in all the week. He had been comfortable. The singers came over and sang to him, and the last song was most appropriate indeed,—"There is a land of pure delight." It had been a great comfort to have those old hymns sung to him on the Sabbath, after the morning service. There was no prayer that morning, his pastor being absent; but there fortunately came in, later in the afternoon, one of his old friends, Dr. Hazen, of Auburndale, who prayed

and had conversation with him. He repeatedly said, "I am very weak." Finally, he spoke to his housekeeper. And here let me drop one tribute, my friends. You will be glad to know that no near relative could have been more constant and tender in the ministry of the sick room than that beloved housekeeper, who had been with him for more than a decade of years. He wished to retire. They prepared him to retire, and they led him to the bedside at seven o'clock. The bells of the village were ringing for evening service. They were just about to lay him on the bed when he swooned, sank away, and was gone. Do you remember the final passage in that jubilee sermon, how he refers first to a quotation from Augustine about the beauty that is to be?—a vision, the beauty thereof far surpassing the things of this world,—and that vision is to break in upon us. And then he quotes Bunyan. And this is the quotation. I think of it in this connection. He says: "All the bells of Heaven will ring as you enter. You will see the King in His beauty and in His glory on the throne. On the Mount of Transfiguration you will build your tabernacle and that tabernacle shall be your eternal home." Ah! my friends, it may be

that the last thing that entered into his ear on earth was the bells of this village, ringing for the evening earthly service, and the first thing he heard, as he passed through, the bells of Heaven ringing as he entered. The brother who is now soon to lead us in prayer, in the words which he spoke at the jubilee, said that, in thinking of the future and what part this dear brother might have in heaven, it was most natural to think of him as taking the lead of one of the heavenly choirs. So he may have entered into that service.

My friends, his life is an inspiration. You, his people, he strove to lift up to heaven. Chaucer's word is true of him: —

> "To lead them up to heaven by reason fair
> And good example, was his daily care."

ADDRESS.

BY REV. ALVAH HOVEY, D.D., PRESIDENT OF THE NEWTON THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTION.

My privilege of saying a few words at this hour is due to a long acquaintance with Dr. Furber. Sixty years ago last September we entered Dartmouth College together, and from that time until the hour of his death our friendship was undisturbed by a whisper of contention or of fear. May it be made perfect and unending in the life to which he has been already exalted!

In college Dr. Furber was diligent and cheerful, a persevering student and an attractive companion. He readily gained the confidence of his teachers and the good will of his comrades. He was known to us as the musician of our class and the leader of the college choir. His health seemed to be good, though I do not recollect seeing him often on the common, rushing after the football. In some other way he found recreation conducive to vigor of body and of mind.

It may be that his assiduity in the cultivation of

music was a good substitute for athletic discipline in the field. I am sure that his well-trained voice was melody itself in our chapel service, and that the touch of his skilful hand brought notes of delicious harmony from the venerable organ. His service as a teacher of music in Mrs. Peabody's school at Hanover must have taken much of the time which other students gave to physical exercise. But, owing to his love of music, it was no doubt a congenial service; and it may have done something to prepare the way for his subsequent marriage with the noble and accomplished head of that school, who was afterward, as Mrs. Furber, for many years the light of his home, and a most efficient helper in every good work.

During my course of study on the Hill, Dr. Furber, fresh from the heights of Andover, was called to the pastorate of this church. He was then a young man, of fine appearance, of disciplined mind, of ready utterance, of sterling integrity. I was present at his ordination, a solemn and appropriate service; and, with my knowledge of him in college, I felt that you had made a wise choice in calling him to be your leader in Christian work. He was coming to you in the vigor of early man-

hood, with many accomplishments, and ready to give you without stint the fruits of much study, of sincere faith, and of some experience. Animated by love and hope, but not knowing the future, he was ready to enter upon a lifelong service of Christ among you, as his people, if that should be the will of God.

And, surely, to-day, as we look back over the years of his ministry in Newton Centre, we are profoundly thankful to God that this has proved to be his will. We rejoice that Dr. Furber could say to the last hour of his life, "I dwell among mine own people." He was a faithful shepherd of the flock, solicitous for the spiritual safety and growth of all.

During the early years of his ministry he bestowed great labor upon his sermons. They were written with scrupulous care in respect to both thought and language. He esteemed nothing too hard which would add to the solidity or fitness or force of what he said. His words were fitly chosen, like apples of gold in pictures of silver. At a later period, when for a long time his eyes refused to bear the strain of continuous use, he sometimes felt that he had perhaps been too fastidious in

respect to the style of his written sermons. Whether this was the case I do not know, but I am certain that he labored earnestly to bring the finest of the wheat and the best of beaten oil to the sanctuary.

In my judgment, Dr. Furber was true to his convictions. What he taught he believed, and what he believed he taught. When he stood before you in this pulpit, he spoke as an ambassador of Jesus Christ, whose words have to do with life and death. He longed to place your feet on the everlasting foundations. And I think he knew what those foundations were. He was like Paul when he said, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to guard that which I have committed unto him against that day."

It may appear to you superfluous for me to speak a word of Dr. Furber as a pastor, a friend, a neighbor, or a citizen. His life has been an open book to this community, and even the youngest present to-day must be aware of his many admirable qualities of mind and heart.

But I esteem it a privilege to testify that he has seemed to me to stand "first among his peers" in conscientiousness as a teacher and example of social

and civic virtues. He hesitated not to denounce the crimes of the nation or to commend its righteousness. He could and would, upon occasion, show himself a friend to people of every race and color, of every class and condition. To him the life was more than meat, and the body more than raiment. He reckoned man to be of greater value than gold; and therefore he was a true pastor, neighbor, friend, and citizen.

But our brother, honored and beloved, has ere this entered the temple above, where he will be able to join

> "That undisturbed song of pure consent,
> Aye sung before the sapphire-colored throne
> To Him that sits thereon
> With saintly shout and solemn jubilee,
> Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
> Their loud up-lifted angel trumpets blow.
> And the cherubic host in thousand choirs
> Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
> With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms;
> Hymns devout and holy psalms
> Singing everlastingly."

SERMON.

"Behold an Israelite, indeed, in whom is no guile!" — JOHN i. 47.

THE wish to be remembered is one of the strongest of human desires. The kings of ancient Assyria sculptured their victories upon monuments of stone, and inscribed the record of their exploits upon the imperishable cylinders of their libraries. And modern research deciphers their boasts, and makes their vanity minister to the uses of history. Despising the memorials of stone and brass, philosophers and poets have embalmed their names in literature, and, secure of immortal fame, have exclaimed with Horace, "I have erected a monument more enduring than bronze." An Alexander, a Cæsar, a Napoleon, writes his name so deep upon the very face of the world itself that all succeeding ages cannot efface his mark. But wisest of all are they who trust to the immortality of love, and write their memories on human hearts. Noblest of all ambitions is the desire to render such service to the world that men will not let its memory die,— a desire which reached its purest height in the in-

junction of our Lord as he established the memorial of his passion, "This do in remembrance of me."

It is natural to conjecture that this desire survives the transition of death, and that the commemoration of their worth by us who remain is grateful to the departed. Be this as it may, it is certainly helpful to us. Carlyle reminds us that "great men, taken up in any way, are profitable company. We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man without gaining something by him. He is the living light-fountain which it is good and pleasant to be near. The light which enlightens, which has enlightened, the darkness of the world,— and this not a kindled lamp only, but rather as a natural luminary shining by the gift of heaven,— a flowing light-fountain, as I say, of native original insight, of manhood and heroic nobleness, in whose radiance all souls feel that it is well with them. On any terms whatsoever, you will not grudge to wander in such neighborhood for a while." ("Heroes," p. 2.) This is pre-eminently true of the remembrance of good men. "The memory of the just is blessed" in its influence on the living. Our commemoration of their worth emphasizes their virtues and stimulates to like endeavor. Biog-

raphy will ever be among the most fruitful influences in training men to virtue. And such remembrance serves to bring down into this hurried life of ours something of the calm and peace of that country into which our beloved are withdrawn. As Dr. Burton has beautifully said, it makes "that country, so remote from the ordinary thought of man, to be very near and very real, and gives us such a clear and strong sense of it that, when at last we ourselves shall go out into it, we shall feel that we are entering a well-known and home-like land." And, as we think of that "great cloud of witnesses" who have laid aside the armor of conflict and entered into the peace that endureth, we gain a new sense of the greatness of that redeeming work which is ever peopling that unseen world with the millions of the ransomed, and share even here, in some faint measure, in the rapture of their triumphant strains. It is well for us to cherish the natural instinct, and constantly recall to mind our beloved dead. It is well for us to surround their last earthly resting-places with all that is fairest in nature, and make their graves fragrant with flowers. But it is especially desirable that we dwell upon their triumph over the last enemy. "Remember

Jesus Christ risen from the dead" was the apostolic injunction.

All of this applies to our memory of any good man, but with especial fitness to this beloved servant of God who is in all our thoughts to-day. It always did us good to meet him. It will do us good to think about him here in the house he loved so well.

When I began to think about this service, my mind turned at once to this text: "Behold an Israelite, indeed, in whom is no guile." This guilelessness — an almost childlike simplicity of nature — has always seemed to me the most remarkable trait of Dr. Furber's character. It was this which gave it distinctive flavor. There were Israelites in plenty, in the days of Jesus of Nazareth, who could show an unblemished pedigree, but who had little of the spirit of the true people of God. Paul describes them as the Israel after the flesh, and distinguishes them from the true children of the promise. And, certainly, they were not without guile. Since the days of Jacob, deceit and craftiness had been their besetting sins. They had been faithless to God and untrue to men. Never have hypocrisy and deceit received more scathing denunciation than

from the lips of Jesus as he rebuked this self-righteous generation. But here was one who was truly an Israelite. Here was the character contemplated in the promise. Frank, sincere, open-hearted, he was ready for the companionship and training of Jesus. So might we say of Dr. Furber, "Behold a Christian, indeed, in whom there was no guile!" A man who was not only called by the name of Christ and honored as a minister of his word, but who stands forth as a type of all that a genuine Christian should be. A sincere, guileless, straightforward, manly Christian, loving his brethren and serving his God with his whole heart and with a willing mind.

I. Let us, first of all, seek to define this characteristic a little more clearly. For the charm of a character is often like the expression of the features, unmistakable as we see it, instantly recognized, but exceedingly difficult to describe and almost impossible to catch and fix in a portrait. And this characteristic guilelessness, as we look at it from different points of view, assumes different aspects, each of which may help to define it more fully. "Sincerity" is one of the words by which we seek to express it. And a most significant

word it is, if we study its origin. *Sine cera*,— "without wax,"—that is its derivation. It was first applied to honey so pure and limpid that no trace of the comb remained in its strained sweetness. And then its transference to the sphere of character was natural. What a description of character! Strained honey, sweet and pure, undisturbed and unalloyed by any trace of deceit or selfishness! And, when we add the meaning of the Greek word for "sincerity" which is used in the New Testament,—"that which is judged in the sunlight,"—we get the complete definition. As one holds a jar of honey up to the light to test its purity, so this character, held up in the bright light of a public position for a half-century, shows to-day so clear and pure that all men unite to praise its absolute integrity, its spotlessness without a stain. We echo the sacred words, "Pure religion and undefiled before our God and Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

Another word which helps us in the analysis of this guilelessness of character is "simplicity." And the word "simple" is also a suggestive word,— *sine plica*, "without a fold": *i.e.*, with nothing con-

cealed or hidden, but all open and exposed to view, that any who will may see. Dr. Furber's life was an open book. He was ever straightforward, candid, frank. It is impossible to conceive of him as playing the part of hypocrisy or duplicity. Nobody ever had reason to doubt his position on any vital point of doctrine or practice, nor did any one ever dream that he could profess one view and secretly hold another. Every one instinctively felt that here was a man who meant what he said and said what he meant, without mental reservations or shuffling quibbles.

But perhaps the word which describes this characteristic best is "childlikeness." This was the Saviour's method of illustrating the meaning of that heavenly character which he commended: "And he called to him a little child, and set him in the midst of them, and said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye turn, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, the same is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven." We cannot hope to go beyond our Lord's definition of this guileless character. But childlikeness is not childishness. It is

not incompatible with shrewdness, with keen discrimination, with a wide knowledge of the world, with sound judgment, with deep conviction and abiding purpose. The manliest of men may have the most childlike spirit. Perhaps no better definition can be given than that of Chrysostom, "For such a little child is free from pride and the mad desire of glory and envy and contentiousness and all such passions, and, having many virtues,— simplicity, humility, unworldliness,— prides itself on none of them, having a twofold severity of goodness,— to have these things, and not to be puffed up about them." This childlikeness led him not only to trust God implicitly, but inclined him ever to trust his fellow-men. He was always unready to believe the worst of any one, always inclined to suggest a worthy motive, and reposed confidence in all until they were proved untrustworthy. And the natural result followed. For he who trusts men usually finds them worthy of trust: he who suspects all finds them justifying his suspicion. Human nature always responds, with ready heart, to him who thinks the best of it. He who is noble ever finds that "the nobleness that lies in other men, sleeping, but never dead," does "rise in maj-

esty to meet" his own, and shed pure light around his path. It is true that this innocence of evil sometimes affords too tempting an opportunity for craft, but Dr. Furber's native shrewdness and wide experience saved him from being often victimized.

As we think to-day of the manner of man he was, these words all seem to describe him,—"sincere," "simple-hearted," "single-minded," "child-like." Yet they are inadequate to picture the transparent purity, integrity, and beauty of the life that we all have seen.

II. Next, let us consider the source of this purity and sincerity of character. It was partly a matter of heredity and early training. One could hardly select a better home to be born in than the quiet farm-house in the village of Sandwich, among the New Hampshire hills. To begin with, the natural scenery is beautiful and inspiring; and Dr. Furber always spoke of his native hills with great affection. The father, Deacon Jeremiah Furber, was a man of great natural ability; though he had but little education. His sturdy integrity and shrewd common sense made him a leader in the community, while his musical gifts and earnest

piety gave him prominence in the little church. When there was no pastor, Deacon Furber read a sermon with that musical voice which the son inherited from him. The mother, somewhat older than her husband, was a rare woman, of uncommon culture, and with a refined and sensitive nature, deeply imbued with the spirit of Puritanism. She maintained a women's prayer-meeting in her house, and was zealous in all good works. She taught her children the Westminster Catechism almost as soon as they could talk, and often prayed with them; while her serene and beautiful life was a constant exhortation more eloquent than words. Now put a gifted and sensitive boy into such an intellectual and spiritual atmosphere as that, and it is safe to say that all his life will bear the impress of those early days of plain living and high thinking. Out of such homes as Burns describes in "The Cotter's Saturday Night" have come the Livingstones, Mackays, Patons, Moffatts, and other heroes of modern missions whom Scotland has given to the world. And out of such New England homes as this have come Horace Bushnell and Henry Ward Beecher and Constans L. Goodell and Richard Salters Storrs and hundreds of others

who are New England's pride and glory. Well did Dr. Strong say, at the jubilee anniversary two years ago, after describing Dr. Furber's parents, "The moral of this is that every man who would be an acceptable and accredited minister for fifty years should take the greatest care in the selection of his parents, especially his mother." There was an elder half-brother, child of the mother by a former marriage. Fifteen years older than Daniel, he was almost fatherly in his care of the younger brother; and, but for him, the college education of the younger would have been impossible. Dr. Furber always spoke of him with warm affection, and sometimes playfully alluded to their relationship by calling him a "brother-and-a-half." But the inheritance of physical and mental vigor, the father's uprightness, the mother's training, and the brother's generous and loving care were not the only, nor even the chief, factors in forming the character of Dr. Furber. At an early age he became a Christian. His consecration to Christ was complete and thorough. And henceforth this became the supreme factor in his life. One, and one only, was his Master. The movement of his soul toward Christ came at such an early age that

it determined the whole current of his life. About this controlling choice all his lesser purposes arranged themselves, until his character assumed a crystalline clearness and symmetry. It is impossible that such symmetry of character should be attained where the choice comes later in life. Only when the forming life is put into the great Master Builder's hands for him to shape as he will, before precious material has been misplaced or wasted, can the beauty of his work appear. The culture of character, the making of man, is his supreme work. And the beauty, the radiancy, the transparent purity of such a character as this, are not the results of earthly forces. They are the garment of heavenly beauty in which Christ robes his beloved. Because this early consecration was constantly renewed, because from his earliest childhood this man walked in the companionship of Jesus Christ, beholding, with unveiled face, as in a mirror, the glory of his Lord, he was thus transformed into something of that same image, from glory to glory.

III. And now let us look at some illustrations of this sincere and guileless character as they appear in his long and useful life.

(*a*) One of the most striking is in his choice of a profession. His love for music was almost a passion. He inherited a voice of marvellous flexibility and sweetness, and musical talent of uncommon order. He played an instrument in church before he was ten years old, and devoted all his spare time to the study of music. He taught music through all his college years, training and leading the college choir and orchestra. And he had already composed a little. And when he graduated from college, and the choice of a profession must be made, he himself has told us how severe was the struggle between music and the ministry. He was inclined to the former. His friends advised the latter. Let his own words tell us on what principle he decided. "The question arose, Ought a man always to do that which he can do best? I chose not to entertain that question, but rather the question, Which course has promise of the greater usefulness? In answering the question, I decided as I did." * Could anything better illustrate the single-mindness of this young man's purpose to

* Fielding has said, "There cannot be a more glorious object in creation than a human being, replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himself most acceptable to his Creator by doing most good to his creatures."

serve his Master than that straightforward solution of the difficult problem of a vocation? Nor were his musical gifts lost in the ministry. How many have shared the delight of Rufus Choate in his perfect enunciation and melodious and sympathetic voice in public discourse? How many sick-rooms have been cheered as he sung the hymns of faith and hope to the weary and the dying? When Victor Emanuel died, his son and successor, on taking the throne and issuing a proclamation to the people, said, referring to his father, "His voice will always resound in my heart." Many who will hear him no more here are to-day listening to the echoes of that beloved voice in their hearts. No words can lift up the human soul as do the mighty pinions of music, carrying us clear and clean above this miserable world with all its limitations up into the infinite spaces and the endless glory of heaven itself. No form of human expression can rival its power. And, when the Bible will set before us hints and allurements of the heavenly joys, it pictures them in terms of music,— life there as one great harmony, with harps and choirs and choruses like the sound "of many waters and as the voice of a great thunder." And I love to think that all the

delights of musical study and exercise that were deliberately laid aside here, for what seemed to him a higher duty, are now surrounding our beloved, and that delicately sensitive musical soul of his is now satisfied with the heavenly harmonies.

(*b*) The simplicity of his character was again illustrated in his marriage and his domestic life. As a music-teacher in Mrs. Peabody's school at Hanover, he came to greatly admire the lady who presided over that famous seminary. This admiration ripened into love, and he determined to win her for a wife. She at first discouraged his suit, but he would not accept any dismissal. He told a friend here, in later years, about his ride of a hundred miles across the country to induce her to share his life and work. And the thirty-two years of their beautiful home life, her eminent usefulness in this church and her wide influence for good, justified his choice. But it was characteristic of him that always his wife should hold her place in his affection as the most queenly of women, and their marriage as one of the most fitting and perfect of earthly relationships. And, indeed, she was an ideal minister's wife; and her influence contributed greatly both to the development of his own gifts and the usefulness of his ministry.

(*c*) His preaching was eminently characteristic, —sincere, straightforward, uncompromising in its presentation of truth, yet carrying weight, not only by the force of its own reasoning, but also by the greater force of the man behind the words. And there was a winsomeness in it that is inseparable from the great outpouring of a warm and earnest heart. I heard Dr. Furber preach but twice; but I have read several of his sermons, and have talked with him much about preaching, and it is not difficult for me to understand his earlier reputation as a preacher of unusual power and attractiveness. His preparation was thorough, and he studied hard. His mind was enriched by wide reading, foreign travel, and constant intercourse with a large circle of unusually gifted men whom he knew intimately. Many have spoken of his dignified and earnest manner in the pulpit, and the deliberation and calmness with which he, on one or two occasions, built up the desk with a pile of hymn-books and his tall silk hat in order to bring the manuscript near enough to his eyes, which were then weak. His manner impressed men with his sincerity and his sense of the importance of his message. His preaching was always positive. What he saw, he

saw clearly and stated definitely. There never was anything nebulous or uncertain about his deliverances. His preaching was also marked by fidelity to the whole truth, as he was given to see it. There is a current sneer regarding ministers,— that they preach only such things as will please their congregations. I know no such ministers. And, certainly, no one who knew him can conceive of Dr. Furber as "making merchandise" of the truth, or "adulterating" it, to suit any audience. He would have spurned such a suggestion as indignantly as Paul, the apostle, and, like him, could say, "Not handling the word of God deceitfully, . . . but as of sincerity, but as of God, in the sight of God, speak we in Christ." It was an occasion of frequent remark with him that the sterner side of truth is neglected in the modern pulpit, the doctrine of retribution is avoided, and the office of the law as the schoolmaster, to bring us to Christ, is no longer emphasized. But, with a clear conscience, he could take for the text of his sermon at his golden jubilee, "I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God." Yet, though the thunders of Sinai and "the wrath of the Lamb" were not ignored in this pulpit, it was the gospel

of divine grace that he loved best to preach; and into this he put all the energy of his thought and the fervor of his soul. No wonder that men loved to hear him, as, with his wonderful voice and winning presence, he thus sought to win them to Christ.

(*d*) In his relation to his parish the same genuineness and sincerity were ever apparent. He accepted this parish as his God-given field of life labor. Frequent calls to larger fields came to him; but he declined them all,

> "Nor ever changed, nor wished to change, his place."

He felt a personal responsibility for every soul under his pastoral care, and prayed for them all by name, and sought them one by one in personal interviews. There are men in this audience for whom he thus prayed daily for years, and even during his last illness his nurse often heard him in the silence of the night presenting his petitions for them before God. Often has he spoken to me with the deepest solemnity of his sense of failure in his duty because some had grown up under his ministry and failed to come into the fold of Christ. His ideal was that of a ministry that effectually

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reached every person in the parish with the blessing of the gospel, and toward this he unceasingly pressed. And to many of you to-day "he, being dead, yet speaketh." His sympathy with children and with young people was remarkable in his later years, and his heart was ever young. It was a frequent and beautiful sight to see him riding through our streets with some child beside him, both full of laughter and evidently enjoying each other's society to the full.

When I first came here, some one told me a story of his earlier ministry that is so characteristic that I think there must be some foundation of truth in it, though the doctor himself laughingly declared it apocryphal. It is said that, when he had been here some fifteen years or more, there was some dissatisfaction in the parish. At length a committee of three, prominent in the church, waited on the pastor to suggest to him that a change would be desirable. He greeted his visitors with his usual cordiality, and his genial courtesy made it difficult to broach their errand. Finally, they summoned courage, and told him the situation. "What!" said he, in great surprise. "Dissatisfaction in the parish! What do they

complain of?" The committee intimated to him that some said the preaching was not so good as it ought to be. "Well," said Dr. Furber, "I don't know but you are right. The preaching isn't as good as it ought to be. And I'll preach better. Was there anything else?" They admitted that this was the only ground for complaint; and, again assuring them that he would preach better, he dismissed them cordially, a somewhat surprised committee. And he did preach better, and no more was heard for years about his leaving. Whether this story be strictly true or not, it accords with his simplicity of heart in his parish relations. Having given himself to this people with all the devotion with which he entered into the marriage relation itself, it would never enter his mind that they might wish a change any more than he considered a change from the standpoint of his own personal ambition. This love for his parish abode with him to his death. The last letter he ever wrote, when he was almost too weak to sit at his desk, was a plea to an old friend for an increase of his subscription to our new church building. During his last days he spent his time in the hall of the second story of his house, where the window

commands a view of the church. His eyes were ever toward this beloved place, as the eyes of the faithful Israelite turned toward the sacred temple at Jerusalem. Every Sunday he watched the lights as they were kindled for the evening service, and followed the worshippers with his prayers as they came and his benediction as they went homeward. When he turned away from his wife's coffin, he said to Dr. Patrick, "I have now neither father nor mother, neither sister nor brother, neither wife nor child. I am all alone in the world." His old friend reminded him that he still had his church and people, and his face brightened at the suggestion. The sympathy and love of his people was exceedingly grateful to him in his sorrow, and he repaid it with all his heart. We shall always be glad that his last years were cheered by the outpouring of love from the community at his golden jubilee. He was surprised and touched by it, and nothing could have been more grateful to his lonely age than this evidence of his people's affection.

His interest in the plans for building a new meeting-house was very great. One might naturally suppose that he would oppose any movement to take down this building, which was erected the

year he began his ministry here, and is so intimately associated with all his labors. But he was one of the first to see the need of a new building, and not only headed the subscription by the generous gift of five thousand dollars, but used his personal influence with his old friends to induce them to give with like liberality. And, as you are all probably aware, in his last will and testament he increased his own gift, making it ten thousand dollars. And to the church he gave his library and the two oil portraits of himself and that of his wife. To this people he gave his life. Among them he had lived and labored, among them he wished to die; and here his last thoughts of earthly things centred, hither his heart turned with unfailing devotion.

(*e*) The same straightforward integrity marked his position as a theologian. During the days of controversy there was never any question about his position. He was an intense partisan and a good fighter. But what was said of Horace Bushnell was true of him: "No bush-fighter was he, no backbiter, no secret pedler of inuendoes, but a face-to-face, square man, always ready with his yea or nay, and to be relied on forever. Yea, a

man to be profoundly loved for his immense and courageous sincerity." Espousing the conservative side in the Andover controversy, he gave unstintedly of effort and money to protect the churches from what seemed to him a most dangerous tendency toward unbelief. And yet he made very few personal enemies and cherished no long-lived animosities. He seems to have accepted Coleridge's dictum: "Arraign any belief which seems to you false and dangerous. But arraign no believer, for God only knows how large or how small a part of the man his belief may be." He said to me once, as we were riding together about the parish: "I suppose I have had quite a reputation as a heresy-hunter. And my own theology has always been pretty conservative, and I suppose I was rather severe on men who disagreed with me. But I find, as I grow older, that I mellow a good deal." Dear old friend, he was always most dedelightfully "mellow" during the years that I have known him. He never criticised, so far as I know, any of my pulpit utterances; but he used to say, with a twinkle in his eye, that he had to come to church every Sunday to see that no heresy was preached. And, when he went to California two

years or more ago, he laughingly declared that he had delayed his departure until he saw me fairly launched upon a series of expository sermons, being persuaded that, if I stuck to the exposition of the Bible while he was gone, I should not get very far out of the way. Having persuaded himself that I was "sound," to use his favorite word, in the essentials of faith, he always gave me the most hearty support and co-operation, and never sought in any way to restrict the liberty of my public or private utterance. He was a man who never gave his confidence half-way, but trusted men to the full.

(*f*) I should like to say some things about his wider relations to the churches and to the great missionary organizations. He was a corporate member of the American Board for more than a quarter of a century, and rarely missed one of the annual meetings. He was intensely interested in home as well as foreign missions, and his gifts were unceasingly liberal throughout his life to all good causes. He left bequests in generous sums to three of our denominational societies; and many colleges, schools, benevolent institutions, and individuals will miss his generous remembrances. His

influence was never limited to this parish; but he was ever ready to respond to any call from other churches, and was widely known and honored throughout the whole denomination.

(*g*) Many things might be said about his friendships. Many famous men have known and loved him. His charm of manner, his wit, his genial and sunny nature, his sound judgment and readiness to be of service, made him an ideal friend. He was one of the pleasantest men I ever knew. As Lowell said of Dean Stanley, "We visited him as we visit a clearer sky and a warmer day." His serenity of temper was marvellous. His coachman said to me the other day: "I have worked for Dr. Furber for twenty-five years, ever since I was twenty-one years old; and I never heard a cross word from him. If I did anything in a way that he didn't like, he'd say, 'Now, William, don't you think it would be better to do that in this way?'" That is certainly a remarkable testimony. Few are the men who dwell in such an unruffled serenity of calm as that.

There are many men whom we admire who do not make upon us the impression of spiritual-mindedness, but Dr. Furber was not one of those men.

He seemed to breathe the air of the better country, and to already have learned its manners and its language. All his garments were fragrant with "myrrh and aloes and cassia, out of the ivory palaces," out of the presence of the King. The deepest impression he made upon us was that of one whose resources of life were in the eternal hills of God. I have sometimes wondered how far temptation appealed to him in his earlier days,—how far the many-sided fleshliness of the world, its dazzling bribes, its pride and worldliness, laid hold upon him: he seemed in these later years so unassailable. And yet his nature was strong, his temper robust. He was no soft man, no ascetic, no weakling. And that serenity of his sunset days, with its quiet beauty, must have come as the achievement and victory of his impetuous youth and strenuous manhood. Such a character as this —so transparent and clear—is not the growth of a day or a year, but the climax of a life struggle.

He went from us just at the time of evening service. The bells that he loved were ringing here. Was it not a faint and shadowy symbol of that joyous entrance into the land of peace? We are almost persuaded that we can hear the bells of

heaven as our thoughts follow our beloved dead; and we say with the immortal dreamer: "Now I saw in my dream that these two men went into the gate; and, lo! as they entered, they were transfigured: they had raiment put on that shone like gold, and crowns were given them in token of honor. And all the bells of the city rang again for joy, and it was said unto them, 'Enter ye into the joy of our Lord'; and, as the gates were opened to let them in, I looked in after them, and, behold! the City shone like the sun, . . . and in the streets walked many men with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and harps to sing praises withal. . . . And after that they shut up the gates, which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them."